

Fears Of A Fourteen YearOld Mermaid

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Summary: Blaire just wants a simple vacation. Paige is the best surfer in Honolulu. Janella is a cultural girl. They are all bonded by a fishy secret. Can the three girls keep the secret from leaking while staying true to themselves? H2O: The Next Generation

Fears Of A Fourteen YearOld Mermaid

****Fears of a Fourteen Year-Old Mermaid****

****Hey so this is a new story about a new set of mermaids from America. So this is my own little take on this TV show I hope you enjoy.****

****Disclaimer: I own plot, characters, and story. Don't own mermaid idea.****

****Blair's POV****

My vacation did not go as plan. I expected going to Hawaii to be a super exciting experience with my family. Like I said, things didn't go exactly as planned. I mean, nobody plans to become a mermaid. What do I mean? I've said too much already. Just read on so you know what I'm going through.

It started out when my mother and father gathered me and my older brother, Mike, in the living room. My mom had a cheeky grin on her face, and my dad looked like he was nervous.

My mom was a big travelling person. She was born here in Austin, Texas, but she was brought up in Africa. I know what an exciting life. No, I didn't have that same lifestyle. I grew up in Texas. Anyway, my mom always wanted to get whatever life let her get, including all vacations: which wasn't all bad, because we were constantly going on vacation. I miss a lot of school, and once had to restart second grade.

My dad on the other hand is a huge money-saver. He flinches every time a bill comes in. Our bills are normally high. I don't see that as a major problem, since my dad is a doctor and my mom works in the financial region. My dad stashes his coupons in a folder, hiding it from my mom who is against saving. "I mean, we have money, why don't we use it?" she always says.

"Well kids, we have very exciting news!" Mom smiled.

Dad sighed as Mom announced, "We are taking a trip to Hawaii!"

"What?" I asked in awe.

"She said we're taking a trip to Hawaii, deaf-monkey," Mike murmured.

"I heard her!" I snapped, turning back to Mom. "Really?"

"Well, we are going to Uncle Amos," Dad explained.

Uncle Amos was my dad's extremely rich and incredibly care-free brother. He is only rich because he won the 5 million dollar NYC lottery. Amos is a little immature. I can say that I am more mature than him. Two years ago, when Amos won the money, he immediately moved to his dream spot, Hawaii. We've never visited him until now. And, surprisingly, I've never been to Hawaii.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, THANK YOU!" I squealed, popping up and tightly hugging both of them at once.

"Oh! Alright, you can let go," Dad directed.

I released my grip and smiled as bright as the sun. Mike was smiling too.

"Oh, this is so exciting!" Mom smiled.

"Exciting and expensive," Dad added.

"When are we going and how long are we staying?" Mike wondered.

"We are leaving tomorrow and staying for a week," Mom answered.

"Can I go pack now?" I asked.

"Do what you want," Dad confirmed.

.: Fears of A Fourteen Year-Old Mermaid:.

The plane landed hours later. It was a painful, long ride. I kept my earbuds in my ears, doing anything to prevent the popping. I was also gnawing gum, so I was sure my ears weren't going to pop.

When we were completely on ground, I snatched the buds out of my ears. Dad hopped up and began to grab our suitcases from the shelf. Mom gestured for Mike and I to help as she began to help.

We unloaded and left the plane. An hour later, we were arriving at my

Uncle Amos's house. It was a nice, modern mansion that looked like an office building. The driveway continue on and on like a huge hill. When we reached the tip of the mansion, Amos walked out with a man in a tux by his side. It was odd, because Hawaii was hot and he was wearing a spiffy suit.

"Ah, Maximo!" Amos said in his thick Spanish accent. He was wearing a Hawaii shirt with yellow flowers and a sky blue background. He was wearing khaki shorts and flip-flops with socks. He was also wearing a fisherman hat.

"Amos, how are you?" Dad asked, greeting him with his non-Spanish accent. Dad nor Amos looked Spanish, yet I never understood why Amos had an accent and Dad didn't.

"Great, now that you're here! Come in, come in! I have been lonely in this house," Amos said, guiding us inside his spacy house. The furniture was cream white with brown legs. The walls were painted white, and the rug was also white. It felt like walking into heaven. The man in the tux led us in. His black outfit stood out in the angelic habitat.

"Wowâ€¦" I murmured, wishing that I didn't say that. My face flushed red.

"Nice dÃ©cor, Amos," Mom said happily.

"Thank you, Hannah."

"I agree that this place is _sweet_," Mike complimented.

"Ah, thank you Mike. Oh, your floor is three level," Amos said.

"Don't you mean room?" Mike questioned.

Amos paused and thought. "No, I meant floor."

"We get our own floor?" Mike exclaimed.

"We? No, no ,no. _You_."

"WHAT?" Mike exclaimed, elated.

"You too, Blaire. This mansion gets lonely," Amos laughed.

I had a feeling this was going to be the best vacation yet.

End
file.